

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### A Bad Beginning.

Old Mother Fox one evening looked  
From out her den of rocks,  
"Come here, my pretty Bushy Tail,"  
She called her little fox.  
"You're getting larger every day."  
"You're growing strong; I feel  
Tis time that you should leave your play  
And should begin to steal."

"The farmer's eye is quick and keen,  
The Chicken-roosts are high;  
The Rabbit, he is fleet of foot;  
The Partridge, she is sly.  
If you would live upon your wits,  
You must be very sly;  
You'll have to watch before you pounce;  
You must be very sly."

"Yes, mother," said young Bushy Tail,  
"I know just how you feel;  
But I've begun to prowl about;  
I've really learned to steal."

The Rabbit runs, the Partridge flies,  
The Chicken-roosts are high,  
But I shall wait a chance to pounce;  
I shall be very sly.  
I mean to live upon my wits;  
I shall be very sly."

So off they both together went,  
And left the den of rocks;  
And which one of the two was worse,  
The big or little fox.

### HAMMERING BRASS.

#### Some Practical Hints for Ingenious Boys and Girls.

A plain and unattractive piece of brass  
can be made into a beautiful, as well as useful, article with a light hammer and four  
simple tools.

The tools can be purchased from a hardware store for from 25 cents upward. One is a piece of steel called a tracer, six inches long, and sloped towards the edge until a flat strip one-eighth of an inch wide is produced. The edge should be about as sharp as a screw-driver.

Another tool is made by roughening the end of a piece of steel by filing diagonally and across it. Still another tool is shaped like a gauge with a screwdriver's edge, and one like a shoemaker's awl with a blunted end. These tools are necessary, but others will be found useful as our work progresses.

Procure a piece of brass the thickness of a Bristol board and screw it down on a table or board. Now for a design: take a clover leaf; draw it on the brass with a sharp lead pencil. Take the tool that resembles a screw-driver in one hand, holding it with the thumb and first finger, and placing it on the stem of the leaf, with constant tapping of the hammer move the tool along the edge.

After you have sufficiently beaten the edge of the clover down, with the tool that has the cross-filed end, beat the background down, when your work should stand out in relief. Once more go around the clover with the tracer to make a clean edge.

After two or three successful leaves, try several leaves arranged on a round piece of brass, with one and a half inch margin. When it is done take it to a tinsmith and have a candlestick made out of it. Other pretty, as well as useful things that can be made out of brass are match-boxes, picture frames, smoking sets, &c.

### Well Done and Ill Paid.

Once on a time there was a man who had to drive his sledges to the wood for fuel. So a Bear met him. "Out with your horse," said the Bear, "or I'll strike all your sheep dead by summer." "Oh! heaven help me then," said the man: "there's not a stake of fire-wood in the house. You must let me drive home a load of fuel, else we shall be frozen to death. I'll bring the horse to you tomorrow morning." Yes; on these terms he might take the wood home—that was a bargain; but Bruin said "if he didn't come back he would lose all his sheep by summer."

So the man got the wood on the sledge and rattled homeward, but he wasn't over pleased at the bargain, you may fancy. So just then a Fox met him. "Why, what's the matter?" said the Fox. "Why are you so down in the mouth?"

"Oh, if you want to know," said the man, "I met a bear up yonder in the wood and I had to give my word to him to bring Dobbins back to-morrow, at this very hour, for if he didn't get him he said he would tear all my sheep to death by summer."

"Stuff, nothing worse than that," said the Fox: "if you'll give me your fattest wether I'll soon set you free, see if I don't."

Yes, the man gave his word, and swore he would keep it too.

"Well, when you come with Dobbins to-morrow for the bear," said the Fox, "I'll make a clatter up in that heap of stones yonder, and so when the Bear asks what that noise is you must say 'tis Peter the Markeman, who is the best shot in the world, and after that you must help yourself."

Next day off set the man, and when he met the Bear something began to make a clatter up on a pile of stones.

"Hah! what's that?" said the Bear.

"Oh!" that's Peter the Markeman, to be sure," said the man; "he's the best shot in the world; I know him by his voice in the wood."

"Have you seen any bears about here, Eric?" shouted out a voice in the wood.

"Say no," said the Bear.

"No, I haven't seen any," said Eric.

"What's that there that stands alongside your sledge?" bawled out the voice in the wood.

"Say, it's an old fir-stump," said the Bear.

"Oh, it's an old fir-stump," said the man.

"Such fir stumps we take in our country and roll them on our sledges," bawled out the voice; "if you can't do it yourself, I'll come down and help you."

"Say you can help yourself, and roll me up on the sledge," said the Bear.

"No, thank you; I can help myself well enough," said the man, and rolled the Bear on to the sledge. "Such fir-stumps we always bind fast on our sledges in our part of the world," bawled out the voice. "Shall I come and help you?"

"Say you can help yourself, and bind me fast, do," said the bear.

"No, thank you; I can help myself well enough," said the man, who sat to binding.

Bear fast with all the ropes he had, so that at last the Bear couldn't stir a paw.

"Such fir-stumps we always drive our axes into in our part of the world," bawled

the voice, "for then we guide them better going down the steep pitches."

"I pretend to drive your axe into me, do now," said the Bear.

Then the man took up his axe and at one blow split the Bear's skull, so that Bruin lay dead in a trice, and so the man and the Fox were great friends and on the best terms. But when they came near the farm the Fox said: "I've no mind to go right home with you; for I can't say I like your tyke; so I'll just wait here, and you can bring the water to me, but mind and pick one nice and fat."

Yes, the man would be sure to do that, and thanked the Fox much for his help. So when he had put up Dobbins he went across to the sheep stall.

"Whither away now?" asked his old dame.

"O," said the man. "I'm going to the sheep stall to fetch a fat wether for that cunning Fox who set our Dobbins free. I gave him my word I would."

"Wether, indeed," said the old dame "never a one shall the thief of a Fox get. Haven't we got Dobbins safe, and the Bear into the bargain; and as for the Fox, I'll be bound he's stolen more of our geese than the wether is worth; and even if he hasn't stolen them, he will. No, no; take a brace of your swiftest hounds in a sack and slip them loose after him, and then, perhaps, we shall be rid of this robbing Reynard."

Well, the man thought that good advice, so he took two fleet red hounds, put them into a sack and set off with him.

"Have you brought the wether?" said the Fox.

"Yes, come and take it," said the man, as he untied the sack and let slip the hounds.

"Huf," said the Fox, and gave a great spring; "true it is what the old saw says, 'Well done is often ill paid'; and now, too, I see the truth of another saying: 'The worst foal are those of one's own house.'"

That was what the Fox said as he ran off, and saw the red foxy hounds at his heels.

### Children's Sayings.

Little Charlie, whose grandfather is a Baptist minister, took dinner at the parsonage the other day. He lived at a hotel, and before his venerable grandparent began the blessing Charlie had begun eating voraciously. "Oh, don't mind me, grandpa," he observed between mouthfuls when the latter remonstrated, "go right on with your blessing."

George bit little Celia's finger while they were playing. On being scolded for it he said, by way of explanation: "Really, mamma, I didn't know where my mouth was going."

Little Annie saw a bit of turquoise in her cousin Lidle's ring. "Why," she observed, "you've a piece of sky in your ring haven't you?"

### A Severe Test.

Two little girls, returning hand in hand from school, saw a small and very tired-looking dog lying crouched, with half-closed eyes, at the feet of a half-famished beggar on the street corner. The girls stopped, bent curiously and pityingly over the dog and began to speculate as to whether he was blind.

"I don't believe he can see us," said one of them. "He doesn't seem to take any notice. He's blind."

"Perhaps it's only because he's so tired," the other suggested.

The poor dog slowly opened and closed his eyes, but paid no attention to the children.

"No," said the second of the girls again; "he isn't blind. I'll show you."

Bending down close to the dog with her face full of the utmost good faith, the child opened her little hand before his eyes, and said:

"How many fingers?"

### Observant Florence.

Florence (six years old)—Mamma, do dogs get married?

Mother—No, my dear.

Florence—Then what right has Bark to growl at Jessie when they are eating their breakfast!

### Differently Constructed.

A little girl of this village was crying bitterly the other evening about something that had happened, when her mother endeavored to soothe her. She told her to "hush" and "never mind" and "stop crying," when the little one answered, between her sobs: "I can't mamma, 'cause I ain't built that way."

### The Worn-out Potato.

For the lack of frequent healthy crossing the entire vitality of the race has been slowly dissipated; the entire stock has grown old together, and we stand now face to face with the awful possibility of a potatoless universe. But why can't we go back to the fountain-head, now more and start afresh with brand-new potatoes from their native forest? Ay, there's the rub, as Hamlet justly puts it.

We can't discover the fountain-head any longer. Nobody knows where the potato comes from; the native forest itself is dead. The aboriginal wild potato seems as extinct now as the wide world over at the dodo or the deinotherium. This is often the way with important food plants.

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"And do, good Lord, do help dear people in de hour ob dar need; and do, good Lord, please come your own self. Don't send your son, Jesus Christ, but come yourself."

### It Was a Boss Job.

During the Charleston earthquake, a few years back, some very funny and ridiculous things happened, as well as the more sorrowful ones, and one of the former I recall to mind just now.

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### What a Baby is Composed of.

A baby is composed of a bald head and a pair of lungs. One of the lungs rests while the other is running the establishment and letting people know that it is boss. The baby is a much bigger man than its mother, though it does not wear pants. The baby likes to walk around with its father, especially after night. The father generally does all the walking, while the baby is singing the grand march—Arkansas Valley Democrat.

### Uncalled-for Shock.

Minnie—I had such a shock last evening. Just as I started to go into the house a horrid man jumped out from behind a tree and tried to kill me. [What do you think of that?] Minnie—I think it was the most callous and uncalled-for thing I ever heard of.

his potato into many small pieces with an "eye" in each, the eye being in fact an undeveloped leaf-bud, whence branches would issue in another season. Thus he insured in some way the continuance of the plant; but alas! he only cared for his own squaws and papooses in the immediate future and took no thought for the convenience of the intrusive white man in this then remote nineteenth century. And considering how little the white man thought of his convenience some ages later, perhaps his remissness in this respect is not to be wondered at. At any rate, what the red Indian seems to have done was just this: As in almost every other case of primitive agriculture, he brought the wild plant into cultivation and improved largely its special yield, but in so doing he destroyed its native type altogether. Whether he grabbed up all the wild ones and ate them on the spot, or whether he merely encroached upon their open feeding grounds and so crowded them out, as farms and fences are crowding out the buffalo in the far west, does not appear; but what is certain is that the wild potato itself does not now appear either. We have lost all count of the primitive stock, so that we can't go back to it to cross it with its own degenerate descendants or to develop anew from its barbaric tubers the succulent regent of the ash-leaved kidney.

I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty; and, in memorable experiences, they are suddenly better than beauty. But they must be marked by fine perception, they must all show self control. Then they must be inspired by the good heart.

Justice is like the kingdom of God—it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning.

Liberty is the word that all the good have spoken. It is the hope of every loving heart;

the spark and flame in every noble breast, the gem in every splendid soul, the many-colored dream in every honest brain. This word has filled the dungeon with its holy light; has raised the con-iat far above the king and clad even the scaffold with a glory that dimmed and darkened every throne.

Made Him Toe the Mark.

George was a bashful lover. He scarcely dared to touch his lady's hand. He loved her well and she was worthy of his affection, for she was modest, intelligent, sweet and lovable; but like all good women, she yearned in vain. George worshipped her. He might kiss the hem of her garment, but to kiss her lips or cheek—the very audacity of the thought made him tremble.

They sat together by the sea looking out upon the track of the moon's light which white-winged yachts were crossing now and then;

It was a witching hour, a scene

For love and calm delight.

Suddenly she moved slightly away from him.

"Please, George, don't do that," she said.

"What?" he asked in genuine surprise.

"Oh! you needn't tell me different; you were just going to put your arm around my waist and—were going to try and kiss me."

"Dear Arabella."

"Oh! you needn't tell me different; you were going to do it—Well, after all, I suppose you are not to blame. It is just what a lover would do to his sweetheart and I suppose I must not be offended if you do it."

And George grasped the situation and did exactly what Arabella supposed he would do, and the moon grinned and the stars winked and the wavelets laughed and a mosquito that was about to light on the maiden's cheek flew away and settled on the nose of a grass widow who was sitting near the band stand.

That Settled It.

"Were you ever in Poland, Mr. Portridge?" "Never, Miss Shawlair." "No? Well, can you tell me why the Poles, as a people, seem to be in such bad odor?" "I can guess. I think a polecat once, and if the people are anything like the cats that act like it."

Not Embarrassed.

"Doesn't it embarrass you to be kissed by your husband before a car full of people?"

"Embarrass me!" replied the lady, who was starting off on a journey, as she seated herself in a seat and looked at the questioner. "Did John kiss me when he said good-bye? I declare I didn't notice it. Is my hat on straight, Laura?"

From Different Points of View.

First Traveler (looking out through the car window)—"These continuous rains are bad for the business of this country."

Second Traveler—"Not at all, sir. They stimulate trade in many ways."

"Bother the farmer! What business are you in?"

"I'm an umbrella-maker, sir, if you insist on knowing."

"And I'm a stockholder in a professional base-ball club, confound you!"

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